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S. H. NOYES

B. Walker

# Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. II. BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1860. NO. 40.

**Bridgton Reporter,**  
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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.

ABEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

**MY HOUSEKEEPER.**  
BY RALPH HUMPHRIES.

"A lady who can give the best references as to character and ability, wishes a situation as housekeeper in a gentleman's family. References required. Address M. L. SMITH, Box 1004."

I am, I mean I was, a bachelor. I had plenty of money, but I was forty-five years old, and had never arrived at a satisfactory way of spending it. I concluded that my error was the want of a home of my own;—conceiving a sudden disgust for hotels and boarding-houses, I took a handsome house in a respectable part of the town, and began looking for a housekeeper. The advertisement which heads this narrative had just met my eye, as I glanced over the 'wants' in the evening paper. It pleased me. In fact, I suppose destiny had decreed that I should be pleased with it.

I was reading it for the twentieth time, when a servant knocked at my parlor-door and announced my sister-in-law, Mrs. Eliza Bishop, and her daughter Eliza—Mrs. Bishop was the widow of my eldest brother, and her attention to and care for my comfort were really touching.

She followed her name into the room, leading her daughter—the eldest and best behaved of three. She was a handsome woman, of commanding, imperial order, and she looked her best that winter afternoon, in her rich furs and velvets, her cheeks crimson with the effects of the exercise she had been taking.

"I am glad to see you," I said, as I handed her a chair. "There are some things you women know more about, than an old bachelor like me, and I want to consult you. I have concluded to go to housekeeping."

Eliza's face brightened into an expression even more beaming than the one she had previously bestowed on me. It never occurred to me, that she could be thinking of my future home as a convenient residence for herself and three. She answered warmly—

"An excellent idea, brother Sandie, if you are prepared for all the expense and trouble it involves. The expense, to be sure is not much of a consideration to you. You have been so successful, that you would not require so close an economy, in your house as I used to practice in poor Robert's time."

He always said I made one dollar do the work of three. But there will be a great deal of trouble. In the first place, you'll have to find a housekeeper."

"The very thing I wanted to speak to you about."

Her smile was positively brilliant.

"How kind, Sandie."

"Not kind at all, troubling you about my affairs."

"For shame! as if you ever had reason to think that anything I could do for you would be a trouble."

A very just remark, considering her voluntary service amounted, besides frequent visits, to a pair of slippers, with a pink-eyed pussy-cat on each toe, and a smoking cap with the device of a green-eyed poodle couchant.

I hastened to place before her the paper in which I had marked the advertisement which heads this article.

"There, Eliza, there is what I have been thinking about. Somehow I fancy I should like Mrs. M. L. Smith; Mary, I imagine her name is. I am going to write to box 1004."

"But aren't you acting on impulse, Sandie?"

"Perhaps so—I always do—and, somehow, my ventures have been tolerably fortunate."

"Yes, but this is such an important thing. Of course you know—and she laughed rather uneasily—that you will be sure to marry the lady."

Marry! I believe every woman has in her character the elements of an Eve. Here was an apple I should never have seen but for my sister-in-law. It was my turn to laugh.

without doubt a widow with children, and—I stopped, for I remembered my sister's bereavement and incumbrances. Her face turned crimson.

"All men do not think it impossible to marry a widow with children, and you may not when Mrs. Smith has kept house for you six months; though to be sure, I don't think some women would ever make up their minds to marry again."

"I supposed 'some women,' referred to herself, and I was glad of this hint as to her sentiments, for poor Robert had left his family very comfortable, and I did not want to see his children subject to the untender mercies of a second papa. After a few more cautions from Mrs. Bishop, and a few strong expressions of admiration for various articles of feminine adornment from little Eliza, which extracted from the pocket of her good natured uncle the customary amount of hush money, my visitors departed, and I wrote my letter to box 1004. In it I stated my residence the salary I was willing to pay, and the number of my household. I gave my name, and the names of a few of my friends who would be ready to afford her whatever information she required as to my means and character. I added a postscript to say that I particularly objected to children, and would make it a point with my housekeeper to leave hers behind her. If she liked the terms and stipulations, I requested her to call at my counting-room the ensuing morning."

It would be idle to say that I attended very closely to business the next forenoon. The housekeeping fever, the home longing had taken full possession of me. I must confess, besides, to no small amount of curiosity as to the personal appearance of M. L. Smith. I wanted an agreeable housekeeper. Not too young—that wouldn't look well—no toothless, wrinkled crone to sit opposite my board, but a pleasant, cheerful woman, young enough to make my home lively.

It was about eleven o'clock when my young man waited upon the lady in. My previous favorable impressions were fully confirmed by her appearance. I did not think her handsome, certainly in the style of sister-in-law. She was a small woman light-footed, and slender, with a sunny pleasant face, which might have testified to thirty-five summers, but no winters, surely; or if she had met storm or chill, she had borne them with such brave patience, that her face reflected only sunshine. Her brown hair was put simply and smoothly away from her tranquil face. Her eyes were frank and cheerful. Her mouth not small, but winning and smiling. When she spoke, her low, pleasant tones endorsed the expression of her countenance.

"Mr. Bishop, I believe; the gentleman who wrote this letter?"

And she drew my epistle from her pocket.

"The same madam."

"I come, sir, to say that I would accept your proposition; if you still wish it, now we have met."

I was about to say that I wished it more than ever, since I had seen her, but fortunately recollected in time, that compliments to my housekeeper were no proper part of the programme, and very decoriously concluded my engagement in a matter-of-fact and business manner.

The next week she entered upon her duties. I had never known what it was to be so comfortable. My house was a model of convenience and simple elegance; at least my sister-in-law, when she went over it, previous to Mrs. Smith's commencement, pronounced it perfect. I had a sort of a home feeling that I had never known before; room enough for all my possessions; a place to welcome my friends to; a very agreeable companion in my housekeeper when I chose to talk to her, an obtrusive minister to my comfort when I was silent.

True, Mrs. Bishop found, whenever she honored me with a visit, that something or other was not ordered as she managed it in poor dear Robert's time. 'Housekeepers, even the best of them,' she was won't to remark, require a little looking after. They can't be expected to take so much interest in one's affairs as one's own relations'. Her comments did not give me much uneasiness, however.

I went home one day a little earlier than usual. I thought a quiet chat with my housekeeper, over the dining-room fire would not be unpleasant. I had begun already, to take altogether more interest in her than I was prepared to acknowledge myself. I pictured, as I hurried home, the cheerful room, the table handsomely laid, and Mrs. Smith in her neat, quiet dress, sitting by the fire with book or work, waiting for the dinner to be brought up. As I reached my own door, however I found it open and three children of varying ages, taking a most affectionate farewell of my housekeeper. I had never cared enough for any one before to experience such an emotion as jealousy, but I think no other work would adequately describe my feelings as I walked into the parlor and shut the door. Presently Mrs. Smith made her appearance.

"I am very sorry, sir," she began.

"Not at all madam."

"O, but I am. I remember your stipulations about children, perfectly. I surely did not intend they should annoy you. I presumed you would have no objections to their coming sometimes in your absence, and I like to see them as often as I can, but they shall not be here again at an hour when you are likely to come home."

She must have thought me an ungracious boor, for I growled out, merely.

"No matter—no matter at all."

I was in an ill humor. The pleasant anticipations with which I had hurried home had not been realized. Moreover, I suspected I was becoming too much interested in my housekeeper to like to be reminded that others had stronger claims upon her. That evening I sat one side of the bright fire, and Mrs. Smith on the other. I abhor furnaces—it is one of my whims. I loved, when I was a boy to make pictures in the fire and I have grown old with the habit. We had sat silently for some time. I was watching in two embers two little boats sailing on lovingly side by side. At length I asked abruptly.

"What was Mr. Smith's business madam?"

"A merchant. He was in a dry goods firm; and able to give us every luxury until he failed."

So that was it. He had failed and died, and left all those children to support. I looked into the fire again. The boats had drifted far apart, and were sailing down a flame colored river—

"He on one side—and she on the other?"

I mused on, half sorrowfully, until at length I said speaking unconsciously out loud—

"Perhaps I could have stood the children, if it weren't for thinking that she had loved another. She'd be looking back and all the time comparing me with No. 1."

My voice had attracted Mrs. Smith's attention from her book, but she had evidently not understood what I said, and was looking up inquiringly. Thank fortune for that—I laughed a little nervously, I imagine.

"Nothing. I was not speaking to you. In fact I think I was talking in my sleep."

She looked down again, and I watched her, instead of the fire. She was pretty—prettier than I had given her credit for at first. I thought, too, she might be younger than thirty, as I surveyed her now. There was a delicate color on her cheek, an innocent almost girlish expression on her face. Well, cheek and expression were nothing to me. I got up and went disconsolately to bed.

The next day my sister-in-law came to see me.

As usual she had plenty of suggestions to make to Mrs. Smith which that lady received in silence, but with a peculiar twinkle in her eyes. At length she followed me into the library.

"Well, Sandie," she remarked seating herself, "since you seem disposed to fulfill my prediction and marry your housekeeper, I suppose I may speak of her freely. I have no doubt that when she came here she meant to marry you. She is very attentive now, but of course she has her own motives. I can see. If any trial should come, you would find out who your friends are."

Mrs. Bishop was right in this, for the trial did come and I saw who was my own friend.

I was taken ill early in the spring. My sickness came on suddenly. I was attacked with severe headache and sharp pains in my back. The first two days Mrs. Bishop spent in assiduous care of me; though, to confess the truth, her attentions were unwelcome, and I would far rather have been abandoned to the tender mercies of my housekeeper, who rarely came into the room when my sister-in-law was there. The third morning the physician pronounced my disease small-pox. Even at that moment of terror I looked at Eliza Bishop. Her face palid, and I could see her hands shake. She spoke in a trembling voice—

"I wish I could stay with you, Sandie; I wish I could. If it were only for myself, I would, but my children."

"I would not have you stay, I answered."

"I would not have you run the risk for the world's. I trust you have not endangered yourself. Good-bye, sister Eliza."

She went out of the room, and I turned to Mrs. Smith, who was standing near.

"Now you must go, also. The doctor will find some one to nurse me, and you, too must look out for your children."

"I must look out for you, sir. My duty is here, now. Live or die, I shall stay with you while you need me."

The little woman's voice was firm, and her eyes shone with a clear, resolute light. I had not thought she possessed so much will and courage.

"Consider," I said. "Do you realize all the risk you run? Of a loathsome disease, disfigurement perhaps a terrible death."

I have considered it all sir, and shall stay."

Was I selfish to allow it? Perhaps so, but even in that hour of deadly peril I who had never loved woman before, longed to have at my side, to share my danger, nay, to die, if I died; to live for me, or, failing that for no other.

I need not give the details of the sickness which—the weeks of terrible suffering, when my body and soul could scarcely cling together. I look back upon it, strong man as I am, with shivering dread.

It was owing, under God, to her, that Death, who stood waiting at my pillow, day after day, at length passed me by. What a nurse she was; vigilant, sleepless, untiring. Perhaps it was owing to her calm courage that she did not take the disease. She seemed to be always near me, and yet found time to make herself look neat and tasteful as ever. Everything in the room, after I was able to notice anything, was in scrupulous order. Delicate flowers, as fresh and sweet as herself bloomed on my table. A pleasant, dreamy, half-light filled the apartment. What a change from the old boarding house days!

I was thinking of all this gracious care and tenderness as I sat up for the first time by the window. Mary—I had learned to call her so during my illness—was out of the room, but the tokens of her presence were all around me. Presently she came in and sat down by my side.

"Mary," I said involuntarily, "I have been thinking I ought to thank you for saving my life. And yet I do not know as I am yet grateful. Life will not be of much value, unless you will share it. With you for my wife, I could be happy but if you cannot love me, you might as well let me go by the board."

I had spoken as I felt, seriously and sadly, but a merry twinkle danced in her eyes.

"So you think, now, you could stand not only the children—but my having loved some one else?"

"Then you heard my foolish speech after all. It wasn't meant for your ear. Forgive it. You are too good for me any way. I ask nothing better, if you can love me, than to take you just as you are."

"Children and all?"

"Children and all; I'll try to be father to them, Heaven helping me."

"I shall be satisfied, sir, if you will be their brother, since they are my mother's children, not mine."

"And Mr. Smith is—?"

"My father. He failed in business last year, though I am happy to say that he is living and well. I wanted to help him but the only thing I knew how to do was to keep house. It seemed a proper enough occupation for an old maid like me. You see I am not very young sir. When I found you tho't me a widow with children, I determined to favor the odd mistake. I thought it would seem more dignified. I am not Mrs. Smith, but simply Mary Smith, spinster, at your service, or at service in your family, if you like that way of stating it better."

"And you will change your title, and retain your situation?"

Her answer is no one's but my own.

Six weeks afterwards, my sister-in-law was invited to my wedding. She looked surprised, but she forbore any comment, save a reminder of her prejudices against widows with incumbrances. The laugh was against her when I told her that the future Mrs. Sandie Bishop was to go to the hyemal altar first time.

I have been married five years. My prejudices against children have yielded to the fascinations of a bold little Sandie and a winsome little Mary, and sitting by my own fireside, I bless the day and Providence that first made me known to my housekeeper.

**INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.** Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence.—[Daniel Webster.]

Pat was hungry and got out of the cars for refreshments. The cars very thoughtlessly went on without him. Pat's ire was up 'Ye spalpeen!' he cried, starting on a run, and shaking his fist as he flew after the train. 'Shup there, ye stame wagin; ye matherin' stame engine—ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind!'

## THE GOOD BYE.

"George—George!"

"Well, what's wanting now?"

The young husband turned back the door knob, and there was impatience in his tone and annoyance on his brow, as he answered his wife's call.

Nothing papa, only baby and I just want to kiss you good bye, and she came up towards him, the little graceful, sweet-voiced woman, with her baby in her arms, and held up the small soft face to his cheeks, and the little one crouched, and thrust up its dimpled hands, and clutched the short, thick locks triumphantly.

"Oh, baby, you rogue, you'd like to pull out a handful of papa's hair, wouldn't you now?"

The young husband turned back the door knob, and there was impatience in his tone and annoyance on his brow, as he answered his wife's call.

Nothing papa, only baby and I just want to kiss you good bye, and she came up towards him, the little graceful, sweet-voiced woman, with her baby in her arms, and held up the small soft face to his cheeks, and the little one crouched, and thrust up its dimpled hands, and clutched the short, thick locks triumphantly.

"Now it is my turn, papa," and Mrs. Reynolds smoothed away the rumpled hair, and kissed her husband's forehead; and as he went out of the house that morning, a new softness, and peace had erased the troubled look from the man's face.

And that day was appointed to George Reynolds to pass through a sharp and tearful temptation.

He was in the midst of a commercial crisis and several of his heaviest debtors had failed that week, and now a payment of ten thousand dollars was due and there was no way to raise the sum unless—

He held the pen irresolutely in his shaking hand, the veins were swollen into great blue cords on his forehead, and the breath came thick and fast between his hot lips; a few scrawls of that pen, a solitary name at the bottom, and the young merchant could secure the ten thousand dollars, and his business credit would be safe. There was no sort of doubt, too, but he could raise the money within a few days, and thus secure himself from all discovery and the pressing circumstances of the case certainly allowed some limit to financiering.

So whispering the tempter, as he went up and down the stairs, he softened down the word forgoing to some false name, which totally changed to his perceptions the moral complexion of the deed he was about to commit.

The young merchant's eyes glared all around his office, but there was none to see him then; and he dipped his pen with a kind of desperate eagerness into the tall porcelain inkstand, and he drew it along the paper, when suddenly his hand paused, struck by thought, the memory of his wife's kiss that morning.

He saw her as he saw her last, standing in the door, the baby in her arms, her sweet face full of motherly tenderness and wisely trust, as she lifted it to him at parting; the voice of the tempter passed away before the rush of holier emotion which blurred the man's eyes; he dashed down the pen. "Mary! Mary! you saved your husband! sink or swim I will not do this deed. I should blush for shame to meet your eyes and our baby's to-night, if I carried the burning consciousness in my own soul, though no other man's ever did or would. Mary, my little wife, you won't know it, but that good-bye kiss of years this morning has been the salvation of your husband."

George Reynolds did not sink. It was a hard struggle, but the storm passed by with out falling on him as it did on many others and Mary, his wife, never knew that she had saved her husband from a sin which in her eyes would have been worse than death.

The good which we have done, we shall know, 'not here, but hereafter,' and the best and truest lives are those which strew all the years with the sweet aromas of loving and self-sacrificing deeds.

As the water lilies take root, and grow silently amid the slime and mud in low waters, until in the mid summer they open their great creamy vases to the soft persuasions of the sun-shine, and lie in snowy stillness on the bosom of streams, the glory and idealization of all flowers, so amid the lowlands of life, among its shadows and mists have we also to sow day by day your small seeds of all gentle and generous deeds, not knowing when they take root, or expecting to behold their unfolding into blossom on the river of time.

Oh, ye who sigh to set your lives with the arabesques of great and noble deeds, who pant for broader horizons and higher opportunities, God has appointed you to work where you are.

Every day lifts up its white chalices out of the night and is held down to you through all its solemn, silent-footed hours, for these small labors of love whose true significance and relations we shall only understand in eternity.

And in this small daily labor lies much of woman's work, and her sweet home influences fall like the sunshine and the evening dew upon the characters around her.

She may little comprehend what a silent

force of healing, restraining influences she is exerting, and periods of unrest and despondency may fill many hours with shadows, which would be illuminated with joy and thanksgiving, if she could only know as she is known."

But the pictures of all lives are locked up in the eternal galleries, and the angels hold the keys, and when God's voice speaks the word the doors shall be opened, and when we go in shall all 'behold and understand.' [Arthur's Magazine.]

## PERILS OF ADVENTUROUS YOUNG LADIES.

The Philadelphia Press states that two young ladies who were a week or two ago visiting the family of the superintendent of the Forest Improvement Company's coal in the Schuylkill coal region, expressed a desire to go down into a coal mine. As the most suitable for this purpose, the guides selected a drift or passage into the side of a mountain, extending a distance of a mile and a half into the mountain, and known as the Otto mine. They entered and passed through successfully, examining the coal formations and the subterranean passages with much curiosity, until a miner who had been stationed at the outlet came hastily and informed the guides that the earth over the passage way had commenced to crumble. This, to miners, is almost a certain indication that a fall will take place—the pebbles being but the forerunner of the crushing rocks and earth. The car was immediately put in motion, with the hope that the exit might be gained before the danger arrived, but their efforts were in vain. They had gone but a few hundred yards when a rumbling like distant thunder was heard—a rush of cold air blew over them, and then all was as still as the grave!

It was soon found that a mass had fallen in and completely blocked the outlet, which it would require several days to remove.

The guides proceeded immediately, as the only chance of the party, to an air shaft opened at the end of the mine in the surface.

"The air shaft was less than two feet in diameter, and rose to the height of near six hundred feet. In some places it was perpendicular, and in others it was carried up at an angle. The dampness of years had covered the timbers with slime, and where they had rotted away a soft mud oozed out of the earth. But notwithstanding all these difficulties, added to the fact that a falling rock might wedge them in beyond the power of escape, and leave them to die the lingering death of being buried alive, they determined to attempt the ascent.

The party consisted of the two ladies, the Scotchman who was their guide, and two miners. The ladies prepared themselves by removing all their superfluous clothing, and the ascent was commenced. The guide with one miner went first, the two gentlemen followed, then came the ladies, and lastly the remaining miner. Painfully they toiled upward, now dragging themselves over decaying timbers and projecting rocks, now forcing themselves through spaces where it seemed almost impossible for them to pass, and now drawing each other by the hand, from step to step, where the ascent was perpendicular. Through all this the fortitude of the ladies never for a moment deserted them.—They were cheerful and hopeful when the men who accompanied them were ready to despond. After two hours of almost superhuman exertion, the blue sky appeared above them and the fragrant air filled them with delight. Thank God! they were saved. But what an appearance did they present! From head to foot they were covered with mud and filth. Their clothes were in tatters, and their hands were lacerated and bleeding.—Night had descended, and they were three miles from home in the midst of a wilderness. But the greatest danger was passed, and with cheerfulness which almost banished their fatigue, they commenced their homeward journey.

Mrs. PARTINGTON BIRTS. "Where did you get so much money, Isaac?" said Mrs. Partington, as he shook a handful of copper coins before her, grinning all the time like a rogue as he is: "Have you found the cornucopia, or has anybody given you a request?" She was a little anxious.

"I got it from bets," said he chucking the coin into the air, and allowing half to clatter on the floor.

"Get them from Bets, did you?" replied the old lady. And who is Bets, that she should give you money. She must be some low creature, or you would not speak of her so disrespectfully. I hope you will not be led away by any desolate companions, Isaac and become an unworthy member of society."

An old maid, who hates the male sex most venomously out a female acquaintance recently, who complimented her upon the buoyancy of her spirits.











## MISCELLANY.

### THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW, BY LOUIS CHANDLER MOULTON.

It stands in a sunny meadow,  
The house so mossy and brown,  
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,  
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it!  
The trees a century old;  
And the winds go chanting through them,  
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The crows dip their green wings round it!  
The crows a century old;  
And the winds go chanting through them,  
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,  
The old folks sit in the sun  
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,  
Till the day is almost done.

Their children have gone and left them;  
And they sit in the sun alone!  
And the old wife's ears are failing,  
As she harkens to the well known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood—  
That has soothed her in many a care—  
And praises her now for the brightness  
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—  
How, dressed in her robes of white,  
She stood by the gay young lover,  
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,  
But the rose from her cheek is fled;  
And the sunshine still is golden,  
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams once vanished,  
Come back in her winter time,  
Till her feeble pulses tremble  
With the thrill of Spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,  
She thinks how trees have grown,  
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,  
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,  
And dimmed her hair's young gold,  
The love in her girlhood plighted  
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,  
Till the day was almost done,  
And then at its close, an angel  
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,  
He touched their eyelids with balm,  
And their last breath floated outward,  
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed  
The unseen mystic road  
That leads to the Beautiful City,  
Whose "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps, in that miracle country,  
They will give her lost youth back,  
And the flowers of the vanished Spring-time  
Will bloom in the spirits' track.

One draught from the living waters  
Shall call back his manhood's prime,  
And eternal years shall measure  
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,  
The wrinkles and silver hair—  
Made holy to us by the kisses  
The angels had printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,  
When the day is low in the west,  
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,  
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,  
With its age and date to rise  
O'er the two who are old no longer,  
In the Father's house in the skies.

### A HAPPY HOME.

The first year of married life is a most important era in the history of husband and wife. The wife and husband can assimilate their views and desires, or else conjure up their dislikes, and so add fuel to their prejudices and animosities forever afterward. "Have somewhere read," said Rev. Dr. Wiso, in his Bridal Greeting, of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden a day or two after the wedding. He threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he returned to the other side and exclaimed: "Pull the line over!" "Can't," she replied. "Pull with all your might," shouted the whimsical husband.

But in vain were the efforts of the bride to pull the line over so long as the husband held on to the other end. But when he came round, and both of them pulled at one end, it came over with great ease. "There," said he, as the line fell from the roof, "you see how effectual was our labor when we both pulled together. It will be so, my dear through life. If we act together, it will be pleasant to live. Let us therefore always act together."

In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife wish to make home happy. There must be union of action, sweetness of temper, and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

Richards was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit, he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He broke his pledge just as often as he made it. The last time I had seen him he told me he had broke off for good, but now, as I met him, he was taking another chew.

"Why, Richard," says I, "you told me you had given up the habit, but I see you are at it again."

"Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and left off lying."

The most agreeable persons we have ever known in company, were those who were agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things.

"Doctor, do you think tight lacing is bad for the consumption?" "Not at all, madam—it is what it lives on." The doctor's reply was wise as well as witty.

## U. C. R. & T. A. BOOTS & SHOES.

### HUNNEWELL'S UNIVERSAL COUGH REMEDY

For all Throat and Lung Complaints, from Common Coughs to Actual Consumption.

### HUNNEWELL'S JUSTLY CELEBRATED TOLU ANODYNE

The Natural and Sure Remedy for all NERVOUS COMPLAINTS

From Neuralgia through all cases where Opium was ever used to that of Delirium Tremens, and the common chief cause of Disease.

### LOSS OF SLEEP.

The Great Central Active Principle of the Tolu Anodyne is a true development of the Original Natural Opium. In all cases where Opium has been used and its baneful effects witnessed, no remark of ours can adequately compare the difference, and no decision is equal to trial. The Anodyne contains not a particle of Opium, and the most delicate constitution can use it with safety. The perfectly natural state it keeps and leaves the Patient should recommend it to Physicians who have long sought the true development, and to Patients who want natural results.

The basis of the universal Cough Remedy is that freedom from all components which by the great error in compounding, produce complete inertia, instead of real cures. We place no restraint on its use every hour, in the day, and ask all Patients to make it the natural cure for all Coughs, Throat or Lung Complaints by a perfect freedom of application. For Inflammatory Sore Throat it is a perfect Remedy, and for Whooping Cough checks all the spasms and allows the Cough to have its run in a quiet way.

With the spirit that we count all investigation, and readiness to answer all inquiries, may we in return ask all to be cautious to purchase only of those they can rely upon. "Price within the reach of all."

GENERAL AGENTS  
J. W. HUNNEWELL & CO.  
7 & 8 Commercial Wharf, Boston.

Under the special supervision of JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Chemist and Pharmacist, Boston, Mass., whose signature covers the corks of the genuine only, and to whom address all communications.

Sold by all respectable dealers everywhere. S. M. HAYDEN, Bridgton; Silas Blake, Harrison; D. F. Noyes, Norway, Agents—W. F. Phillips, Portland; W. L. Alden & Co., Bangor, Wholesale Agents.

### DOORS, Sashes, and Blinds.

THE Subscriber has removed his Factory to the LARGE NEW SHOP near the Cumberland Mills, and having fitted up in the best manner, is now prepared to supply customers, or will make at short notice,

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Door and Window Frames, Mouldings of all sizes, House Finish of every description, Pump-tubing, and all the various kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL

that can be advantageously prepared by his Machinery.

We also Plane and Saw all kinds of Lumber, Joint and Match Boards, Plank, Joist, and Square Clapboards in the best manner.

Builders and others in want of such articles are invited to call and examine our work.

G. H. BROWN,  
Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in

### FURNITURE of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES, PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS, CHAMBER SETS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables. BEDSTADS, of the latest and most improved style, with Spring Bottoms.

Also, READY-MADE COFFINS. PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER. LOOKING-GLASSES REPAIRED.

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

### Pondicherry House.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain, at the above House, travellers in a good and substantial manner, and for a reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles, and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. My House is also fitted up for board, and all who see fit to take board with me, will find a comfortable home.

I have also, good stabling for Horses. MARKS BACON.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 10, 1858. 2 ft

### New Millinery Goods

D. E. & M. E. BARKER

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the Ladies of Bridgton and vicinity to a choice selection of Bonnets, Flowers, and MILLINERY GOODS. Also, Gloves, Hosiery, Head Dresses, Vails, choice RIBBONS, Ruches, Blonds, Caps, Hoop Skirts, and a variety of other articles which we would be pleased to show you at any time you may favor us with a call.

Our goods are new and will be sold cheap for Cash. MILLINERY in all its branches will be carried on under our special direction. We would solicit as early a call as convenient. A choice selection of

READY MADE AND TRIMMED HATS, constantly kept on hand. Call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere, and by doing so save both time and money.

BONNETS BLEACHED AND PRESSED. Rooms under Temperance Hall, 25 BRIDGTON CENTER. 1 ft

H. H. HAY & CO.  
Wholesale dealers in  
Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,  
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,  
Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware  
Swedish Larches, Cigars,  
MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, &c  
Burning Fluid and Camphene.  
Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes only.  
STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, etc  
Always at lowest market Prices.  
Junction of Free and Middle Streets.  
PORTLAND, ME. 20 ft

### THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton, where may be found a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS. He also has the right, and manufactures MITCHELL'S PATENT

Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes, for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples, Waterford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg, and will be happy to furnish those in want of anything in his line.

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit. JAMES WEBB. No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858. 1 ft

### Attention is called to a prime lot of

FAMILY GROCERIES, NOW in store which will be sold for the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, for Cash or Produce. I shall henceforth keep a first class quality and a prime assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, STATIONERY, AND PATENT MEDICINES, which will be sold for a small advance on the cost. Also, a large quantity and prime assortment of

CONFECTION AND FANCY GOODS. REUBEN BALL. Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 23 ft

### RUFUS GIBBS, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BED BLANKETS, FLANNELS, SUCH AS

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY BLANKETS;  
12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Witney BLANKETS;  
12, 11 & 10-4 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS. 4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

Horse Blankets, YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in Dry Goods, WEST INDIA GOODS.

GROCERIES, of every description

All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted in exchange for Goods. CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent. Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858. 4 ft

### E. T. STUART, MERCHANT TAILOR

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of the public to his choice stock of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fancy Doekins, and Vestings,

which he is prepared to manufacture in a style and manner calculated to compare favorably with the best. Also on hand a choice assortment of FURNISHING GOODS.

Customers wishing a good article of Clothing made to fit in the newest and best style, will find this place a desirable one to leave their orders.

READY MADE CLOTHING Terms, Positively Cash. Bridgton Center

### S. M. HAYDEN, —DEALER IN— BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS

AND CUTLERY.

Also, DRUGS, CHEMICALS, and most of the POPULAR MEDICINES of the day.

PURE WINES for medicinal and medicinal purposes. BRIDGTON CENTER.

### BOURBON ELIXIR.

THE proprietor intrudes his Elixir to the public with a positive knowledge that it will perform all that he claims for it. He did not originate it for the sake of having something to sell, but to cure himself of Dyspepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing.

He succeeded completely in doing so, and, now, after having established its remarkable curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success, he offers it to the public for the relief of the suffering.

Try it ye gloomy and desponding, there is Health and happiness in store for you yet. IT CURES DYSPEPSIA; IT CURES CONSUMPTION; IT CURES SORE THROAT; IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER;

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled System; And there is no medicine known that causes food to do so much good, that adds so much healthy nutrition to the Blood and Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon Elixir.

For sale in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nashua, N. H. 51 ft

### Custom Work.

A. BENTON would announce to his former customers and the citizens of Bridgton generally, that he has recommenced making CUSHION WORK, and is now ready to attend to all orders in the line of

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING, for either men, women or children. Work respectfully solicited. Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859. 1 ft

## MANSION HOUSE.

The subscribers having leased the MANSION HOUSE, pleasantly situated at *Marble's Corner*, for a term of years, have refitted and refurnished it in the best of style for the accommodation of Pleasure Parties and others from the city. They desire that their friends and the public generally should favor them with their visits, and no pains will be spared to render their stay pleasant. The house contains a

SPACIOUS HALL for Dancing and Cotillon Parties, and its close proximity to the city, will render it a pleasant resort for sleigh-ride parties during the winter.

Meals furnished at all hours, and good conveyances to and from the city by railroad and omnibus. W. M. CUSHMAN & CO. Westbrook, Jan. 20, 1860. 1 ft

### GRANT'S COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Original Establishment. J. GRANT. Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS AND CREAM TARTER.

New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15 UNION STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with any address, in all varieties of Packages, and warranted in every instance as represented. Pea-Nuts, and Coffee Roasted and Ground 51 for the Trade, at short notice. 1 ft

All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk. PARIS STAGE.

A STAGE leaves Bridgton Center, from the Bridgton Horse, Daily, at 7 o'clock, A. M., passing through North Bridgton, Harrison, and Norway, connecting at South

Paris with the CARS for Portland, which arrive in Portland at 2 o'clock, P. M. Returning, leaves South Paris on arrival thereof of the 14 o'clock P. M. train from Portland, and arrives in Bridgton at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The above Stage runs to Fryburg, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Returns Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Down tickets to be had of the Driver; up tickets for Harrison, Bridgton and Fryburg, sold at the Grand Trunk Depot, Portland. 1 ft

BYRONGREENOUGH, & CO., Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves, BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES, NOS. 143 & 150 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME.

Particular attention is invited to our Stock of Goods, it being by far the largest and most complete in the market, comprising every variety of Style, made of the best materials, and in a superior manner. 2 ft

J. W. MANSFIELD, Wholesale and Retail

Saddle, Harness, Trunk, Valise, CARPET BAG MANUFACTORY, No. 174 Middle St., opposite U. S. Hotel, PORTLAND, ME. 33

HORACE BILLINGS, Commission Merchant, HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL, No. 56 Elm, and 18 and 20 Friend Streets. BOSTON.

CARPETING! English and American Carpetings —LATEST STYLES— In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS; all widths. STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, &c. Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures, Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold very Cheap for Cash.

EDWARD H. BURGIN, FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block, Over H. J. Libby & Co's, PORTLAND, ME. 1 ft

ROBERT I. ROBISON, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN SPERM, WHALE, AND LARD OIL, LOW FOR CASH. No. 17, Exchange Street, PORTLAND, ME. 11 ft

H. PACKARD, NO. 61 EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND, ME., Offers for sale MISCELLANEOUS and

SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES AND QUESTION BOOKS. 44

ASTHMA For the INSTANT RELIEF of this distressing complaint use FENDT'S BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES, Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO. 107 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Price, \$1 per box; sent free by post.

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 6m

BURNHAM BROTHERS, DAGUERRETYPE, Ambrotype and Photograph ROOMS, 96 Middle Street, —PORTLAND. J. U. P. Burnham, 42 T. R. Burnham.

ENOCH KNIGHT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BRIDGTON, ME. Office—Over N. Cleaves's Store.

## DR. MOTT'S CHALYBEATE RESTORATIVE PILLS & IRON.

An aperient and Stomachic preparation of IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by combustion in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by the highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe and the United States and prescribed in their practice.

The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexions indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case.

Infusions in all maladies in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:

In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Incipient Consumption, Scrophulous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Alimentation, Whites, Chlorosis, Liver Complaints, Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fevers, Pimples on the Face, &c.

In cases of GENERAL DEBILITY, whether the result of acute disease, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render credible. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world, and just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female Sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

In NERVOUS AFFECTIONS of all kinds, and for reasons familiar to medical men, the operation of this preparation of iron must necessarily be salutary, for, unlike the old exotics, it is vigorously tonic, without being exciting and overheating; and gently, regularly, and persistently, even in the most obstinate cases of constiveness with every being a gentle purgative, or inducing a disagreeable sensation.

It is this latter property, among others, which makes it so remarkably effectual and permanent a remedy for Piles, upon which it also appears to exert a distinct and specific action, by dispersing the local tendency which forms them.

In DYSPEPSIA, innumerable as are its causes, a single box of these Chalybeate Pills has often sufficed for the most habitual cases, including the attendant Constiveness.

In unchecked DIARRHOEA, even when advanced to DYSENTERY, confirmed, emaciating, and apparently malignant, the effects have been equally decisive and astonishing.

In the local pains, loss of flesh and strength, debilitating cough, and remittent hectic, which generally indicate INCURABLE CONSUMPTION, this remedy has allayed the alarm of friends and physicians, in several very gratifying and interesting instances.

In Scrophulous Trenchers, this medicine has had far more than the good effect of the most cautiously balanced preparations of iodine, without any of their well known liabilities.

The attention of females cannot be too confidentially invited to this remedy, and its use, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.

In RHEUMATISM, both Chronic and inflammatory—in the latter, however, more decidedly—it has been invariably well reported, both as alleviating pain and reducing the swellings and stiffness of the joints and muscles.

IN INTERMITTENT FEVERS it must necessarily be a great remedy and energetic restorative, and its progress in the new settlements of the West, will probably be one of high renown and usefulness.

No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effect. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength, with an usual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.

Put up in neat flat metal boxes containing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; for sale by druggists and dealers. Will be sent free to any address on receipt of the price. All letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to R. B. LOCKE & CO., General Agents. 1 ft

20 CENT ST., N. Y.

### Health and Happiness SECURED.

THE CONCENTRATED CURE FOR WEAKNESS OF THE PROCREATIVE ORGANS.

It is prepared by AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN OF THIS CITY, And has long been known here as THE ONLY REMEDY

That would surely and permanently restore to a Natural State of Health and Vigor, persons weakened by excess, or by THE INDISCRETIONS OF EARLY YOUTH.

Although not many months have elapsed since it was first generally introduced by means of extensive advertising, it is now curing a vast number of

THE UNFORTUNATE! Who having been led to MAKE A TRIAL OF ITS VIRTUES, are rapidly recovering their wonted HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

This preparation IS NOT A STIMULANT, BUT A PURELY MEDICINAL REMEDY. The afflicted are invited to try it. IT WILL SURELY CURE.

Send for a Circular first, read it carefully, and then you will send for the medicine. Price per Vial, One Dollar. Can be sent by mail. One vial will last a month.

K. CRUGER, AGENT. No. 742 Broadway N. Y. A PLEASANT STIMULANT.

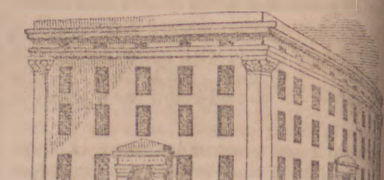
For the GENITAL ORGANS can be obtained by sending \$5 to the Agent as above. SENT FREE BY MAIL.

Circulars or medicines can be procured of Druggists everywhere. ALDEN & CO., Bangor, June 29th '61.

PRINTED at the Reporter Office with new and showy type, at fair living prices.

BEST LONDON PORTER for the sick, at BALL'S. DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS of all kinds selling cheap at BALL'S.

## Take Them and Live. NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.



### HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS AND KID STRENGTHENING PILLS

THESE—These unsurpassed remedies, long by the common consent of mankind, being used at the head of all similar preparations, Herrick's Vegetable Pills, in universal use, safety and certainty in the cure of various diseases of man, excel all others, their sale unquestionably is treble that of other kinds. In full doses they are active, in smaller doses Tonic, and clearing in all Bilious Complaints, Sick Headache, Liver Disorders, Kidney Diseases, Stomach Disorders, and Skin Affections, cure as if by magic. These Pills are pure vegetable, can be taken at any time by young, without change in employment, diet. Mercury is a good medicine when properly used, but when compound in a universal use it destroys, instead of cures the patient. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills have never been known to produce soreness and aching joints, as have some others. Therefore, persons in want of a family pleasant to take, certain to cure, and millions, will certainly look for no other. These Pills are covered with a coating of pure white sugar, no taste of medicine, and are as easily taken as bits of candy.

FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS. 6 BOXES, \$1.

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Pills. These renowned Plasters cure pains, in neck, distress in the back, sides &c. in five hours. Indeed, so certain are they, do this, that the Proprietor warrants a Spread from resins, balsams and gum, beatified Kid leather, renders them perfectly adapted to the wants of Females and children. Each plaster will wear from one to months, and in rheumatic complaints, and bruises, frequently cures, where other remedies failed. Full directions be found on the back of each. Publicans, vocalists, ministers of the Gospel, others, will strengthen their lungs, prove their voices by wearing them, breast, PRICE 18 3/4 CENTS.